



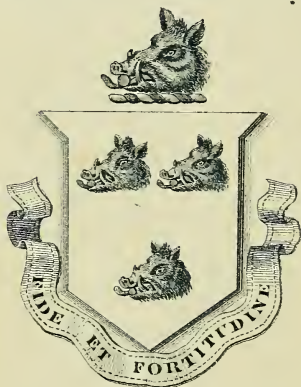
Accessions

157,438

Shelf No.

~~67016.21~~

*Barton Library. 176,45*



*Thomas Pennant Barton.*

**Boston Public Library.**

*Received, May, 1873.*

*Not to be taken from the Library.*





STC. 7676





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2011 with funding from  
Boston Public Library





A Pleasant  
COMEDIE

OF  
FAIRE EM,

The Millers Daughter of  
*Manchester:*

With the loue of *William* the Conqueror.

As it was fundty times publiquely acted in the  
Honourable Citie of London, by the right Ho-  
nourable the Lord *Strange* his Seruants.



---

LONDON,  
Printed for *John Wright*, and are to be sold at his shop at the  
signe of the Bible in Guilt-spur street without  
New-gate. 1 6 3 1.

157.438

May, 1873



A Pleasant Comedie of faire *Em.*  
The Millers daughter of Manchester.  
With the loue of *William*  
the Conquerour.

Actus primus, Scæna prima.

*Enter William the Conqueror : Marques Lubec, with a picture :  
Mountney : Manuile : Valingsford : and Duke Dirot.*

*Marques.* **W**Hat meanes faire Britaines mighty Conqueror  
So suddenly to cast away his staffe?  
And all in passion to forsake the tilt.

*D. Dirot.* My Lord, this triumph we solemnise here,  
Is of meere loue to your increasing ioyes:  
Only expecting cheerefull lookes for all.  
What sudden pangs then moues your maiesty,  
To dim the brightnesse of the day with frownes?

*W. Conqueror.* Ah, good my Lords, misconster not the cause;  
At least, suspect not my displeased browes  
I amorously do beare to your intent:  
For thanks and all that you can wish I yeeld.  
But that which makes me blush and shame to tell,  
Is cause why thus I turne my conquering eyes  
To cowards lookes and beaten fantasies.

*Mountney.* Since we are guiltlesse, we the lesse dismay  
To see this sudden change possesse your cheere:  
For if it issue from your owne conceits,  
Bred by suggestion of some enuious thoughts:  
Your highnesse wisdom may suppress it straight.  
Yet tell vs (good my Lord) what thought it is,  
That thus bereaues you of your late content,  
That in aduise we may assist your Grace.  
Or bend our forces to reuiue your spirits.

*W. Con.* Ah *Marques Lubec*, in thy power it lyes  
To rid my bosome of these thraled dumps:  
And therefore, good my Lords forbeate a while,  
That we may parley of these priuate cares,

## The Millers daughter

Whose strength subdues me more than all the world.

*Valingford.* We goe and wish thee priuate conference,  
Publike affects in this accustomed peace.

*Exit all but William and the Marques.*

*William.* Now *Marques* must a Conqueror at armes  
Disclose himselfe thrald to vnarmed thoughts,  
And threatned of a shaddow, yeeld to lust :  
No sooner had my sparkeling eyes beheld  
The flames of beautie blasing on this peece,  
But suddenly a sence of myracle  
Imagined on thy louely Maistres face,  
Made mee abandon bodily regard,  
And cast all pleasures on my wounded soule :  
Then gentle *Marques* tell me what she is,  
That thus thou honourest on thy warlike shield :  
And if thy loue and interest be such,  
As iustly may giue place to mine,  
That if it be : my soule with honors wings  
May fly into the bosome of my deare.  
If not, close them and steepe into my graue.

*Marques.* If this be all renowned Conqueror :  
Aduance your drooping spirits, and reuiue  
The wonted courage of your Conquering minde,  
For this faire picture painted on my shield  
Is the true counterfeit of louely *Blanch*  
Princes and daughter to the King of *Danes* :  
Whose beautie and excesse of ornaments  
Deserues another manner of defence,  
Pompe and high person to attend her state  
Than *Marques Lubeck* any way presents :  
Therefore her vertues I resigne to thee,  
Alreadie shrind in thy religious brest,  
To be aduanced and honoured to the full.  
Nor beare I this an argument of loue :  
But to renowne faire *Blanch* my Soueraignes Childe,  
In euerie place where I by armes may doc it.

*William*



## of Manchester.

*William.* Ah *Marques*, thy words bring heauen vnto my soule,  
And had I heauen to giue for thy reward,  
Thou shouldst be throne in no vnworthy place.  
But let my vttermost wealth suffice thy worth;  
Which here I vowe, and to aspire the blisse  
That hangs on quicke atchiuement of my loue,  
Thy selfe and I will trauell in disguise,  
To bring this Ladie to our Brittain Court.

*Marques.* Let *William* but bethinke what may auayle;  
And let mee die if I denie my ayde.

*William.* Then thus: The *Duke Dirot* and th'*Earle Dimack*  
Will I leaue substitutes to rule my Realme,  
While mightie loue forbids my being here,  
And in the name of Sir *Robert of Windsor*  
Will goe with thee vnto the Danish Court.  
Keepe *Williams* secrets *Marques* if thou loue him.  
Bright *Blaunch* I come, sweet fortune fauour me,  
And I will laud thy name eternally.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Miller and Em his daughter.*

*Miller.* Come daughter we must learne to shake off pompe.  
To leaue the state that earst besem'd a Knight,  
And gentleman of no meane discent,  
To vndertake this homely millers trade:  
Thus must we maske to saue our wretched liues,  
Threatned by Conquest of this haplesse Ile:  
Whose sad inuasions by the Conqueror,  
Haue made a number such as we subiect  
Their gentle neckes vnto their stubborne yoke,  
Of drudging labour and base pesantrie.  
Sir *Thomas Goddard* now old *Goddard* is,  
*Goddard* the Miller of faire Manchester.  
Why should not I content me with this state?  
As good Sir *Edmund Trofferd* did the while.  
And thou sweet *Em* must stoope to high estate.  
To ioyne with mine that thus we may protect.

## *The Millers daughter*

Our harmelesse liues, which led in greater port  
Would be an enuious obieſt to our foes,  
That ſeek to root all Britaines Gentry  
From bearing countenance againſt their tyrannie.

*Em.* Good Father let my full reſolued thoughts,  
With ſetled patience to ſupport this chance  
Be ſome poore comfort to your aged ſoule:  
For therein reſts the height of my eſtate,  
That you are pleaſed with this deiection,  
And that all toyles my hands may vndertake,  
May ſerue to worke your worthines content.

*Miller.* Thanks my deere daughter: theſe thy pleaſant words  
Transfer my ſoule into a ſecond heauen:  
And in thy ſetled minde, my ioyes conſiſt,  
My ſtate reuiued, and I in former plight.  
Although our outward pomp be thus abaſed,  
And thralde to drudging, ſtayleſſe of the world,  
Let vs retaine thoſe honourable mindes  
That lately gouerned our ſuperior ſtate.  
Wherein true gentry is the only meane,  
That makes vs differ from baſe millers borne:  
Though we expect no knightly delicates,  
Nor thirſt in ſoule for former ſoueraignie.  
Yet may our mindes as highly ſcorne to ſtoope  
To baſe deſires of vulgars worldlineſſe,  
As if we were in our preſedent way.  
And louely daughter, ſince thy youthfull yeares  
Muſt needs admit as young affections:  
And that ſweet loue vnpartiall perceiues  
Her dainie ſubieſts through euery part,  
In chiefe receiue theſe leſſons from my lips,  
The true diſcouerers of a Virgins due  
Now requiſite, now that I know thy minde  
Something enclinde to fauour *Manuils* ſute,  
A gentleman, thy Louer in proteſt:  
And that thou maiſt not be by loue deceiued,

But

*of Manchester.*

But try his meaning fit for thy desert,  
In pursuit of all amorous desires,  
Regard thine honour. Let not vehement sighes  
Nor earnest vowes importing feruent loue,  
Render thee subiect to the wrath of lust:  
For that transformed to former sweet delight,  
Will bring thy body and thy soule to shame.  
Chaste thoughts and modest conuersations,  
Of prooffe to keepe out all inchaunting vowes,  
Vaine sighes, forst teares, and pittifull aspects,  
Are they that make deformed Ladies faire,  
Poore wretch, and such inticing men,  
That seeke of all but onely present grace,  
Shall in perseuerance of a Virgins due  
Prefer the most refusers to the choyce  
Of such a soule as yeelded what they thought.  
But hoe : where is Trotter?

*Here enters Trotter the Millers man to them : and they  
within call to him for their grist.*

*Trotter.* Wheres Trotter ? why Trotter is here. .  
Yfaith, you and your daughter go vp and downe weeping,  
And wamenting and keeping of a wamentation,  
As who should say, the Mill would goe with your wamenting.

*Miller.* How now Trotter ? why complaineest thou so?

*Trotter.* Why yonder is a company of young men and maids  
Keepe such a stir for their grist, that they would haue it before  
My stones be readie to grindit. But yfaith, I would I could  
Breake winde enough backward : you should not tarrie for your  
Grist I warrant you.

*Miller.* Content thee Trotter, I will go pacifie them.

*Trotter.* I wis you will when I cannot. Why looke,  
You haue a Mill. Why whats your Mill without mee?  
Or rather Mistres, what were I without you?

*Em.* Nay Trotter, if you fall a chiding, I will giue you ouer.

*Trotter.* I chide you dame to amend you.  
You are too fine to be a Millers daughter:

Here he ta-  
keth Em a-  
bout the neck

For



## *The Millers daughter*

For if you should but stoope to take vp the tole dish  
You will haue the crampe in your finger  
At least ten weekes after.

*Miller.* Ah well said *Trotter*, teach her to play the good hufwife  
And thou shalt haue her to thy wife, if thou canst get her good wil.

*Trotter.* Ah words wherein I see Matrimonic come loaden  
With kisses to salute me : Now let me alone to pick the mill,  
To fill the hopper, to take the tole, to mend the sailes,  
Yea, and to make the mill to goe with the verie force of my loue.

*Here they must call for their grist within.*

*Trotter.* I come, I come, yfaith now you shall haue your grist  
Or else *Trotter* Will trot and amble himselfe to death.

*They call him againe.*

*Exit.*

*Enter king of Denmarke, with some attendants, Blanch his  
daughter; Mariana, Marques Lubeck, William  
disguised.*

*King of Denmarke.* Lord *Marques Lubeck*, welcome home,  
Welcome braue Knight vnto the *Denmarke King* :  
For *Williams* sake the noble *Norman Duke*,  
So famous for his fortunes and successe,  
That graceth him with name of Conqueror :  
Right double welcome must thou be to vs.

*Rob. Windsor.* And to my Lord the King shall I recount  
Your graces courteous entertainment,  
That for his sake vouchsafe to honour me  
A simple Knight attendant on his grace.

*King Den.* But say Sir Knight, what may I call your name?

*Robert Windsor.* *Robert Windsor* and like your maiestie.

*King Den.* I tell thee *Robert*, I so admire the man,  
As that I count it hainous guilt in him  
That honours not Duke *William* with his heart.

*Blanch.* Bid this straunger welcome, good my girle.

*Blanch.* Sir, should I neglect your highnes charge herein,  
It might be thought of base discourtesie.  
Welcome Sir Knight to *Denmarke* heartily.

*Robert.*



*of Manchester.*

*Ro. Windf.* Thanks gentle Ladie. Lord *Marques*, what is she?

*Lubeck.* That same is *Blanch* daughter to the King,  
The substance of the shadow that you saw.

*Rob. Windfor.* May this be shee, for whom I crost the Seas?  
I am asham'd to think I was so fond,  
In whom there's nothing that contents my minde,  
Ill head, worse featurde, vncomly, nothing courtly,  
Swart and ill fauoured, a Colliers sanguine skin.  
I neuer saw a harder fauour'd Slut.

Loue her? for what? I can no whit abide her.

*King of Denmarke.* *Mariana*, I haue this day receiued letters  
From *Swethia*, that lets me vnderstand,  
Your ranfome is collecting there with speed,  
And shortly shall be hither sent to vs.

*Mariana.* Not that I finde occasion of mislike  
My entertainment in your graces court,  
But that I long to see my natiue home.

*King Den.* And reason haue you Madam for the same:  
Lord *Marques* I commit vnto your charge  
The entertainment of Sir *Robert* here,  
Let him remaine with you within the Court  
In solace and disport, to spend the time.

*Exit King of Denmarke.*

*Robert Wind.* I thank your highnes, whose bounden I remaine.

*Blanch speaketh this secretly at one end of the stage.*

Vnhappie *Blanch*, what strange effects are these  
That workes within my thoughts confusedly?  
That still me thinkes affection drawes me on  
To take, to like, nay more to loue this knight.

*Robert. Wind.* A modest countenance, no heauie sullen looke,  
Not very faire, but richly deckt with fauour:  
A sweet face, an exceeding daintie hand:  
A body were it framed of wax  
By all the cunning Artists of the world  
It could not better be proportioned.

*Lubeck.* How now Sir *Robert*? in a studie man?

## *The Millers daughter*

Here is no time for contemplation.

*Robert Windsor.* My Lord there is a certaine odd conceit,  
Which on the sudden greatly troubles me.

*Lubeck.* How like you *Blaunch*? I partly do perceiue  
The little boy hath played the wag with you.

*Sir Robert.* The more I look the more I loue to looke.  
Who sayes that *Mariana* is not faire?

Ile gage my gauntlet gainst the enuious man,  
That dares auow there liueth her compare.

*Lubeck.* Sir *Robert*, you mistake your counterfeit.  
This is the Lady which you came to see.

*Sir Robert.* Yea my Lord: She is counterfeit in deed:  
For there is the substance that best contents me.

*Lubeck.* That is my loue. Sir *Robert* you do wrong me.

*Robert.* The better for you Sir, she is your Loue,  
As for the wrong, I see not how it growes.

*Lubeck.* In seeking that which is anothers right.

*Robert.* As who should say your loue were priuileged  
That none might looke vpon her but your selfe.

*Lubeck.* These iarres becomes not our familiaritie,  
Nor will I stand on termes to moue your patience.

*Robert.* Why my lord, am not I of flesh & bloud as well as you?  
Then giue me leaue to loue as well as you.

*Lubeck.* To loue Sir *Robert*? but whom? not she I loue?  
Nor stands it with the honour of my state,  
To brooke corriuals with me in my loue.

*Robert.* So Sir, we are thorough for that L.  
Ladies farewell. Lord *Marques*, will you go?  
I will finde a time to speake with her I trow?

*Lubeck.* With all my heart. Come Ladies wil you walke? *Exit.*

*Enter Mannile alone disguised.*

*Mannile.* Ah *Em* the subiect of my restless thoughts,  
The Anuyll whereupon my heart doth beat,  
Framing thy state to thy desert,  
Full ill this life becomes thy heauenly looke,  
Wherein sweet loue and vertue sits enthroned.

*of Manchester.*

Bad world, where riches is esteemed aboue them both,  
In whose base eyes nought else is bountifull.

A Millers daughter saies the multitude,  
Should not be loued of a gentleman.

But let them breath their soules into the ayre :

Yet will I still affect thee as my selfe.

So thou be constant in thy plighted vow,

Bur here comes one, I will listen to his talke,

*Enter Valingford at another dore, disguised.*

*Valingford.* Goe *William Conqueror* and seeke thy loue.

Seekethou a mynion in a forren land

Whilest I draw backe and court my loue at home,

The Millers daughter of faire Manchester

Hath bound my feet to this delightfome soyle :

And from her eyes do dart such golden beames,

That holds my heart in her subiection.

*Manuile.* He ruminates on my beloued choyce :

God grant he come not to preuent my hope.

But heres another, him yle listen to.

*Enter Mountney disguised at another dore.*

*L. Mountney.* Nature vniust, in vtterance of thy art,

To grace a pesant with a Princes fame :

Pesant am I so to mis-terme my loue

Although a Millers daughter by her birth :

Yet may her beautie and her vertues well suffice

To hide the blemish of her birth in hell,

Where neither enuious eyes nor thought can pierce,

But endlesse darknesse euer smother it.

Goe *William Conqueror* and seeke thy loue,

Whilest I draw backe and court mine owne the while:

Decking her body with such costly robes

As may become her beauties worthinesse,

That so thy labours may be laughed to scorne,

And she thou seekest in forraine regions,

Be darkned and eclipsed when she arriues,

By one that I haue chosen neerer home.

*Manuile staies  
hiding him-  
selfe.*



## *The Millers daughter*

*Mannile.* What comes he to, to intercept my loue?  
Then hie thee *Mannile* to forestall such foes. *Exit Mannile.*

*Mountney.* What now Lord *Valingford* are you behinde?  
The king had chosen you to goewith him.

*Valingford.* So chose he you, therefore I maruell much  
That both of vs should linger in this sort.  
What may the king imagine of our stay?

*Mountney.* The king may iustly think we are to blame.  
But I imagin'd I might well be spared  
And that no other man had borne my minde.

*Valingford.* The like did I: in frendship then resolute  
What is the cause of your vnlookt for stay?

*Mountney.* Lord *Valingford* I tell thee as a friend,  
Loue is the cause why I haue stayed behind.

*Valingford.* Loue my Lord? of whom?

*Mountney.* Em the millers daughter of Manchester.

*Valingford.* But may this be?

*Mountney.* Why not my Lord? I hope full well you know  
That loue respects no difference of state  
So beautie serue to stir affection.

*Valingford.* But this it is that makes me wonder most,  
That you and I should be of one conceit.  
In such a strange vnlikely passion.

*Mountney.* But is that true? my Lord: I hope you do but iest.

*Valingford.* I would I did: then were my grieue the lesse.

*Mountney.* Nay neuer grieue: for if the cause be such  
To ioyne our thoughts in such a Sympathy:  
All enuie set aside: let vs agree  
To yeeld to eithers fortune in this choyce.

*Valingford.* Content say I, and what so ere befall,  
Shake hands my Lord and fortune thriue at all. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Em, and Trotter the Millers man with a kerchiefe on  
his head, and an Vrinall in his hand.*

*Em.* Trotter where haue you beene?

*Trotter.* Where haue I beene? why, what signifies this?

*Em.* A kerchiefe, doth it not?

*Trotter.*

*of Manchester.*

*Trotter.* What call you this I pray?

*Em.* I say it is an Vrinall.

*Trotter.* Then this is mystically to giue you to vnderstand  
I haue beene at the Phisimicaries house.

*Em.* How long hast thou beene sicke?

*Trotter.* Yfaith, euen as long as I haue not beene halfe well,  
And that hath beene a long time.

*Em.* A loytering time I rather imagine. (help me.

*Trot.* It may bee so : but the Phisimicary tels mee that you can

*Em.* Why, any thing I can doe for recouerie of thy health  
Be right well assured of.

*Trot.* Then giue me your hand.

*Em.* To what end.

*Trot.* That the ending of an old indenture  
Is the begining of a new bargaine.

*Em.* What bargaine?

*Trot.* That you promised to doe any thing to recouer my health.

*Em.* On that condition I giue thee my hand,

*Trot.* Ah sweet *Em.* *Here he offers to kisse her.*

*Em.* How now *Trot*? your masters daughter?

*Trot.* Yfaith I aime at the fairest,  
Ah *Em.* sweet *Em.* fresh as the flower:  
That hath power to wound my hart.  
And ease my smart, of me poore theefe,  
In prison bound.

*Em.* So all your rime lies on the ground.  
But what meanes this?

*Trot.* Ah marke the deuise,  
For thee my loue full sicke I was, in hazard of my life  
Thy promise was to make me whole, and for to be my wife.  
Let mee inioy my loue my deere,  
And thou possesse thy *Trotter* here.

*Em.* But I meant no such matter.

*Trot.* Yes woos but you did, Ile goe to our Parson Sir Iohn,  
And he shall mumble vp the marriage out of hand.

*Em.* But here comes one that will forbid the Banes.

# The Millers daughter

*Here Enters Mannile to them.*

*Trotter.* Ah Sir you come too late.

*Mannile.* What remedie *Trotter*.

*Em.* Goe *Trotter*, my father calles.

*Trotter.* Would you haue me goe in, and leaue you two here?

*Em.* Why, darest thou not trust me?

*Trotter.* Yes faith, euen as long as I see you.

*Em.* Goe thy waies I pray thee hartily.

*Trotter.* That same word (hartily) is of great force.

I will goe: but I pray sir, beware you

Come not too neere the wench.

*Exit Trotter.*

*Mannile.* I am greatly beholding to you.

Ah Maistres, sometime I mitgh haue said my loue,

But time and fortune hath bereaued me of that,

And I am abiect in those gracious eyes

That with remorse carst saw into my grieve,

May sit and sigh the sorrowes of my heart.

*Em.* In deed my *Mannile* hath some cause to doubt,  
When such a swaine is riual in his loue,

*Mannile.* Ah *Em*, were he the man that causeth this mistrust,  
I should esteeme of thee as at thee first.

*Em.* But is my loue in earnest all this while?

*Mannile.* Beleue me *Em*, it is not time to iest  
When others ioyes, what lately I posselt.

*Em.* If touching loue my *Mannile* charge me thus?

Vnkindly must I take it at his hands,

For that my conscience cleeres me of offence.

*Mannile.* Ah impudent and shamelesse in thy ill,

That with thy cunning and defraudfull tongue

Seeks to delude the honest meaning minde:

Was neuer heard in *Manchester* before,

Of truer loue then hath been betwixt vs twaine:

And for my part how I haue hazarded

Displeasure of my father and my friends

Thy selfe can witnes. yet notwithstanding this:

Two gentlemen attending on *Duke William*

*Mowntney* and *Valingford*, as I heard them named,



*of Manchester.*

Oft times resort to see and to be seene,  
Walking the street fast by thy fathers dore,  
Whose glauncing eyes vp to windowes cast,  
Giues testies of their Maisters amorous heart.

This *Em* is noted and too much talked on,  
Some see it without mistrust of ill.

Others there are that scorning grin thereat,  
And saith, there goes the Millers daughters wooers.  
Ah me, whom chiefly and most of all it doth concerne.

To spend my time in griefe and vex my soule,  
To thinke my loue shoud be rewarded thus,  
And for thy sake abhorre all women kind,

*Em*. May not a maid looke vpon a man  
Without suspitious iudgement of the world?

*Mannile*. If sight doe moue offence, it is the better not to see.  
But thou didst more vnconstant as thou art,  
For with them thou hadst talke and conference.

*Em*. May nor a maid talke with a man without mistrust?

*Mannile*. Not with such men suspected amorous.

*Em*. I grieue to see my *Manniles* ielousie

*Mannile*. Ah *Em*, faithfull loue is full of ielousie,  
So did I loue thee true and faithfully,  
For which I am rewarded most vnthankfully.

*Exit in a rage, Manet Em.*

And so away? what in displeasure gone?

And lest me such a bitter sweet to gnaw vpon?

Ah *Mannile*, little wottest thou,

How neere this parting goeth to my heart.

Vncourteous loue whose followers reaps reward,

Of hate disdaine, reproach and infamie,

The fruit of franticke, bedlame ielousie.

*Here enters Mountney to Em.*

But here comes one of these suspitious men:

Witnes my God without desert of me:

For onely *Mannile* honor I in heart:

Nor shall vnkindnesse cause me from him to start.

## The Millers daughter

*Mountney.* For this good fortune, Venus be thou blest,  
To meet my loue, the mistres of my heart,  
Where time and place giues opportunitie  
At full to let her vnderstand my loue.

*He turnes to Em & offers to take her by the hand, & she goes from him.*

Faire mistres, since my fortune sorts so well:

Heare you a word. What meaneth this?

Nay stay faire *Em*.

*Em.* I am going homewards, Sir :

*Mountney.* Yet stay (sweet loue) to whom I must disclose  
The hidden secrets of a louers thoughts,  
Not doubting but to finde such kinde remorse  
As naturally you are enclined to.

*Em.* The Gentleman your friend Sir,  
I haue not seene him this foure dayes at the least.

*Mountney.* whats that to mee? I speake not (sweet) in person of  
But for my selfe, whom if that loue deserue (my friend,  
To haue regard being honourable loue :  
Not base affects of loose lasciuious loue,  
Whom youthfull Wantons play and dally With :  
But that Vnites in honourable bands of holy rytes,  
And knits the sacred Knot that Gods. *Here Em cuts him off.*

*Em.* What meane you sir to keepe me here so long?  
I cannot vnderstand you by your signes,  
You keepe a prattling with your lips,  
But neuer a word you speake that I can heare.

*Mountney.* What is she deafe? a great impediment.  
Yet remedies there are for such defects.  
Sweet *Em*, it is no little grieffe to mee,  
To see where nature in her pride of Art  
Hath wrought perfections rich and admirable.

*Em.* Speake you to me Sir?

*Mountney.* To thee my onely ioy.

*Em.* I cannot heare you.

*Mountney.* Oh plague of fortune: Oh hell without compare.  
What boots it vs to gaze and not enioy?

*Em.*



of Manchester.

*Em.* Fare you Well Sir.

*Exit Em. Mountney.*

*Mountney.* Fare well my loue Nay farewell life and all.

Could I procure redresse for this infirmitie,  
It might be meanes shee would regard my suit.

I am acquainted with the Kings Physitions:

Amongst the which there's one mine honest friend,  
Seignior *Alberto*, a very learned man,

His iudgment will I haue to help this ill.

Ah *Em*, faire *Em*, if art can make thee whole :

Ile Buy that sense for thee, although it cost me deare;

But *Mountney* : stay, this may be but deceit,

A matter fained onely to delude thee.

And not vnlike, perhaps by *Valingsford*,

He loues faire *Em* as well as I.

As well as I ? ah no, not halfe so well.

Put case, yet may he be thine enemie,

And giue her counsell to dissemble thus.

Ile try the euent and if it fall out so ;

Friendship farewell : Loue makes me now a foe. *Exit Mountney.*

*Enter Marques Lubeck, and Mariana.*

*Mariana.* Trust me my Lord, I am sorry for your hurt.

*Lubeck.* Gramercie Madam : but it is not great :

Onely a thrust, prickt with a Rapiers point.

*Mariana.* How grew the quarrell my Lord ?

*Lubeck.* Sweet Ladie, for thy sake.

There was this last night two maskes in one company.

My selfe the formost : The other strangers were : (sures,

Amongst the which, when the Musicke began to sound the Mea-

Each Masker made choice of his Ladie :

And one more forward then the rest slept towards thee :

Which I perceiuing thrust him aside, and tooke thee my selfe.

But this was taken in so ill part,

That at my comming out of the court gate, with iustling together,

It was my chance to be thrust into the arme.

The doer thereof because he was the originall cause of the disorder

At that inconuenient time, was presently committed,

## The Millers daughter

Here enters  
Sir Robert of  
Windfor with  
a Gaylor.

And is this morning sent for to answer the matter:

And I think here he comes. What Sir Robert of Windfor how now?

Sir Robert. I faith my Lord a prisoner: but what ailes your arme?

Lubeck. Hurt the last night by mischance.

Sir Robert. What, not in the maske at the Court gate?

Lubeck. Yes trust me there.

Sir Rob. Why then my Lord I thank you for my nights lodging.

Lubeck. And I you for my hurt, if it were so;

Keeper awaie, I discharge you of your prisoner. *Exit the Keeper.*

Sir Rob. Lord Marques, you offerd me disgrace to shoulder me.

Lubeck. Sir I knew you not, and therefore you must pardon me,  
And the rather it might be alleaged to me of

Meere simplicitie, to see another dance with my Mistris

Disguised, and I my selfe in presence: but seeing it

Was our haps to damnifie each other vawillingly,

Let vs be content with our harmes,

And lay the fault where it was, and so become friends.

Sir Robert. Yfaith I am content with my nights lodging  
If you be content with your hurt.

Lubeck. Not content that I haue it, but content  
To forget how I came by it.

Sir Robert. My Lord, here comes Ladie Blanch, lets away.

*Enter Blanch.*

Lubeck. With good will, Ladie you will stay?

*Exit Lubeck and Sir Robert.*

Mariana. Madam.

Blanch. Mariana, as I am grieued with thy presence:

So am I not offended for thy absence,

And were it not a breach to modestie,

Thou shouldest know before I left thee.

Mariana. How neare is this humor to madnesse.

If you hold on as you begin, you

are in a prery way to scolding.

Blanch. To scolding huswife?

Mariana. Madam here comes one.

*Here enters one with a letter.*

*Blanch*

*of Manchester.*

*Blaunch.* There doth indeed. Fellow wouldst thou haue any  
Thing with any body here?

*Messenger.* I haue a letter to deliuer to the Ladie *Mariana.*

*Blaunch.* Giue it me.

*Messen.* There must none but shee haue it.

*Blaunch* snatcheth the letter from him, *Et exit messenger.*

*Go to foolish fellow.*

And therefore to ease the anger I sustaine,

Ile be so bold to open it, whats here?

*Sir Robert* greets you well?

Your Maistries, his loue, his life; Oh amorous man,

How he entertaines his new Maistres;

And bestowes on *Lubeck* his odde friend

A horne night cap to keepe in his wit.

*Mariana.* Madam though you haue discourteously

Read my letter, yet I pray you giue it me.

*Blaunch.* Then take it there, and there, and there.

*She teares it Et exit Blaunch.*

*Mariana.* How far doth this differ from modestie:

Yet will I gather vp the peeces, which haply

May shew to me the intent thereof

Though not the meaning.

*She gathers up the peeces and ioynes them.*

*Mariana.* Your seruant and loue sir *Robert of Windsor*

*Alias William the Conqueror*, wisheth long health and happinesse,

Is this *William the Conqueror*, shrouded vnder

The name of sir *Robert of Windsor*?

Were he the Monarch of the world

He should not dispossesse *Lubeck* of his loue.

Therefore I will to the Court, and there if I can

Close to be freinds with Ladie *Blaunch*,

And thereby keepe *Lubeck* my loue for my selfe:

And further the Ladie *Blanch* in her sute as much as I may. *Exit.*

*Enter Em solus.*

*Em.* Ielousie that sharps the louers sight,

And makes him conceiue and conster his intent,



## The Millers daughter

Hath so bewitched my louely *Manuils* sences,  
That he misdoubts his *Em* that loues his soule,  
He doth suspect corriuals in his loue:  
Which how vntrue it is be iudge my God.

But now no more: Here commeth *Valingford*:

Shift him off now, as thou hast done the other. *Enter Valingford.*

*Valingf.* See how Fortune presents me with the hope I lookt for.  
*Faire Em!*

*Em.* Who is that?

*Valingf.* I am *Valingford* thy loue and friend.

*Em.* I cry you mercie Sir: I thought so by your speech.

*Valingf.* What aileth thine eyes?

*Em.* Oh blinde Sir, blind, stricken blinde by mishap on a sudden.

*Valingf.* But is it possible you should be taken on such a sudden;  
Infortunate *Valingford* to be thus crost in thy loue.

*Faire Em*, I am not a little sorrie to see this thy hard hap:

Yet neuerthelesse, I am acquainted with a learned Phyitian,  
That will do any thing for thee at my request.

To him will I resort, and enquire his iudgement,  
As concerning the recouerie of so excellent a sence.

*Em.* O Lord Sir: and of all things I cannot abide Physicke:  
The verie name thereof to me is odious.

*Valingford.* No; not the thing will doe thee so much good?

Sweet *Em*, hither I came to parley of loue,

Hoping to haue found thee in thy wonted prosperitie.

And haue the gods so vnmercifully thwarted my expectation?

By dealing so sinisterly with thee sweet *Em*?

*Em.* Good sir, no more, it fits not me

To haue respect to such vaine fantasies.

As idle loue presents my eares withall,

More reason I should ghostly giue my selfe,

To sacred prayers, for this my former sinne.

For which this plague is iustly fallen vpon me,

Than to harken to the vanities of loue.

*Valingford.* Yet sweet *Em* accept this iewel at my hand,  
Which I bestow on thee in token of my loue.

of Manchester.

*Em.* A Jewell sir, what pleasure can I haue  
In Jewells, treasure, or any worldly thing  
That want my sight that should discern thereof?  
Ah sir I must leaue you :

The paine of mine eyes is so extreame  
I cannot long stay in a place. I take my leaue.

*Exit Em.*

*Valingford.* Zounds, what a crosse is this to my conceit;  
But *Valingford*, search the depth of this deuise.  
Why may not this be fained subtiltie,  
By *Mountneyes* inuention, to the intent  
That I seeing such occasion should leaue off my suit,  
And not any more persist to sollicite her of loue?  
He trie the euent, if I can by any meanes perceiue  
The effect of this deceit to be procured by his meanes,  
Friend *Mountney* the one of vs is like to repent our bargain. *Exit.*

*Enter Mariana and Marques Lubeck.*

*Lubeck.* Ladie, since that occasion forward in our good  
Presenteth place and opportunitie :

Let me intreat your woonted kind consent  
And freindly furtherance in a suit I haue.

*Mariana.* My Lord you know you need not to intreat,  
But may command *Mariana* to her power.  
Be it no impeachment to my honest fame.

*Lubeck.* Free are my thoughts from such base villanie  
As may in question, Ladie, call your name :  
Yet is the matter of such consequence,  
Standing vpon my honorable credit,  
To be effected with such zeale and secrecie,  
As should I speake and faile my expectation  
It would redound greatly to my preiudice.

*Mariana.* My Lord wherein hath *Mariana* giuen you occasion  
That you should mistrust or else be iealous of my secrecie?

*Lubeck.* *Mariana*, do not misconster of me:  
I not mistrust thee, nor thy secrecie,  
Nor let my loue misconster my intent,  
Nor thinke thereof but well and honourable.

## The Millers daughter

Thus stands the case : Thou knowest from England  
Hither came with me *Robert of Windsor*, a noble man at Armes,  
Lustie and valiant, in spring time of his yeares,  
No maruell then though he proue amorous.

*Mariana*. true my Lord, he came to see faire *Blanch*.

*Lubeck*. No *Mariana*, that is not it.

His loue to *Blanch* was then extinct

When first he saw thy face

Tis thee he loues : yea, thou art onely shee

That is maistris and commander of his thoughts.

*Mariana*. Well, well, my Lord, I like you, for such drifts

Put silly Ladies often to their shifts,

Oft haue I heard you say, you loued me well:

Yea, sworne the same, and I beleeued you to.

Can this be found an action of good faith,

Thus to dissemble where you found true loue ?

*Lubeck*. *Mariana*, I not dissemble on mine honor :

Nor failes my faith to thee. But for my friend,

For princely *William*, by whom thou shalt possesse

The title of estate and Maiestie,

Fitting thy loue and vertues of thy minde,

For him I speake, for him do I intreat,

And with thy fauour fully do resigne

To him the claime and interest of my loue.

Sweet *Mariana* then denie mee not.

Loue *William*, loue my friend and honour mee

Who else is cleane dishonoured by thy meanes.

*Mariana*, Borne to mishap, my selfe am onely shee,

On whom the Sunne of fortune neuer shined :

But Planets rulde by retrogarde aspect,

Foretold mine ill in my natiuitie.

*Lubeck*. Sweet Ladie cease, let my intreatie serue

To pacifie the passion of thy grieve,

Which well I know proceeds of ardent loue.

*Mariana*. But *Lubeck* now regards not *Mariana*.

*Lubeck*. Euen as my life, so loue I *Mariana*.

*Mariana*.



of Manchester.

*Mariana.* Why do you post mee to another then?

*Lubeck.* He is my friend, and I do loue the man.

*Mariana.* Then will *Duke William* rob me of my loue?

*Lubeck.* No as his life *Mariana* he doth loue.

*Mariana.* Speake for your selfe my Lord let him alone.

*Lubeck.* So do I Madam, for he and I am one.

*Mariana.* Then louing you I do content you both.

*Lubeck.* In louing him you shall content vs both.

Me, for I craue that fauour at your hands.

He for hopes that comfort at your hands.

*Mariana.* Leauē of my lord, here comes the Ladie *Blanch*.

*Enter Blanch to them.*

*Lubeck.* Hard hap to breake vs of our talke so soone,

Sweet *Mariana*, doe remember me. *Exit Lubeck,*

*Mariana.* Thy *Mariana* cannot chuse but remember thee.

*Blanch.* *Mariana* well met, you are verie forward in your loue?

*Mariana.* Madam be it in secret spoken to your selfe,

If you will but follow the complot I haue inuented.

You will not thinke me so forward

As your selfe shall proue fortunate.

*Blanch.* As how?

*Mariana.* Madam as thus: It is not vnknownen to you

That Sir *Robert* of *Windfor*,

A man that you do not little esteeme,

Hath long importuned me of loue:

But rather then I will be found false

Or vniust to the *Marques Lubeck*,

I will as did the constant ladie *Penelope*

Vndertake to effect some great taske.

*Blanch.* What of all this?

*Mariana.* The next time that Sir *Robert* shall come,

In his woonted sort to sollicit me with loue,

I will seeme to agree and like of any thing

That the Knight shall demaund, so far forth

As it be no impeachment to my chastitie:

And to conclude, point some place for to meet the man,

## The Millers daughter

For my conueyance from the *Denmarke* Court:  
Which determin'd vpon, he will appoynt some certaine time  
For our departure: whereof you hauing intelligence,  
You may soone set downe a plot to weare the *English Crowne*.  
And then;

*Blanch.* What then?

*Mariana.* If Sir *Robert* proue a King and you his Queene  
How then?

*Blanch.* Were I assured of the one, as I am perswaded  
Of the other, there were some possibilitie in it.  
But here comes the man.

*Mariana.* Madam begon and you shall see  
I will worke to your desire and my content.

*Exit Blanch.*

*William. Con.* Lady this is well and happily met,  
Fortune hetherto hath beene my foe,  
And though I haue oft sought to speake with you,  
Yet still I haue beene crost with sinister haps.

I cannot Madam tell a louing tale  
Or court my Maistres with fabulous discourses,  
That am a souldier sworne to follow armes:  
But this I bluntly let you vnderstand,  
I honour you with such religious zeale  
As may become an honorable minde.  
Nor may I make my loue the siege of Troy  
That am a stranger in this Countrie.

First what I am, I know you are resolued,  
For that my friend hath let you that to vnderstand,  
The *Marques Lu becke*, to whom I am so bound,  
That whilest I liue I count me onely his.

*Mariana.* Surely you are beholding to the *Marques*,  
For he hath beene an earnest spokes-man in your cause.

*William.* And yeelds my Ladie then at his request  
To grace Duke *William* with her gracious loue;

*Mariana.* My Lord I am a prisoner, and hard it were  
To get me from the Court.

*William.* An easie matter to get you from the Court.



*of Manchester.*

If case, that you will thereto giue consent.

*Mariana.* Put case I should, how would you vse me then?

*William.* Not otherwise but well and honorably.

I haue at Sea a ship that doth attend,  
Which shall forthwith conduct vs into England;  
Where when we are, I straight will marrie thee.  
We may not stay deliberating long  
Least that suspition, enuious of our weale  
Set in a foot to hinder our pretence.

*Mariana.* But this I thinke were most conuenient  
To maske my face the better to scape vnknowne.

*William.* A good deuise: till then, Farwell faire loue.

*Mariana.* But this I must intreat your grace,  
You would not seek by lust vnlawfully  
To wrong my chaste determinations.

*William.* I hold that man most shamelesse in his sinne  
That seekes to wrong an honest ladies name  
Whom he thinkes worthy of his marriage bed.

*Mariana.* In hope your oath is true,  
I leaue your grace till the appointed time.

*Exit Mariana.*

*William.* O happie *William*, blessed in thy loue:  
Most fortunate in *Marianaes* loue:  
Well *Lubeck* well, this courtesie of thine  
I will requite if God permit me life.

*Exit.*

*Enter Valingford and Mountney at two sundrie doores, looking  
angrily each on other with Rapiers drawen.*

*Mountney.* *Valingford*, so hardlie I digest an iniurie  
Thou hast prosered me, as wer't not that I detest to do what stands  
Not with the honor of my name,  
Thy death should paie thy ransome of thy fault.

*Valingford.* And *Mountney*, had not my reuenging wrath,  
Incens'd with more than ordinarie loue  
Beene such for to depriue thee of thy life,  
Thou hadst not liued to braue me as thou doest: wretch as thou art,  
Wherein hath *Valingford* offended thee?

## *The Millers daughter*

That honourable bond which late we did confirme  
In presence of the gods;  
When with the Conqueror we arriued here  
For my part hath been kept inviolably  
Till now too much abused by thy villanie,  
I am inforced to cancell all those bands,  
By hating him which I so well did loue.

*Mountney.* Subtill thou art, and cunning in thy fraud,  
That giuing me occasion of offence,  
Thou pickst a quarrell to excuse thy shame.  
Why *Valingford*, was it not enough for thee  
To be a riuall twixt me and my loue,  
But counsell her to my no small disgrace,  
That when I came to talke with her of loue,  
Shee should seeme deafe, as faining not to heare?

*Valingford.* But hath shee *Mountney* vsed thee as thou sayest?

*Mountney.* Thou knowest too well shee hath:  
Wherein thou couldest not do me greater iniurie.

*Valingford.* Then I perceiue we are deluded both:  
For when I offered many gifts of Gold and iewels  
To entreat for loue, shee hath refused them with a coy disdain,  
Alleaging that shee could not see the sunne.  
The same coniectured I to be thy drift,  
That sayning so shee might be rid of mee.

*Mountney.* The like did I by thee. But are not these naturall im-  
*Valingford.* In my coniecture merely counterfeit: (pediments?)

Therefore lets joyne hands in friendship once againe,  
Since that the iarre grew only by coniecture.

*Mountney.* With all my heart: Yet lets trye the truth thereof.

*Valingf.* With right good will. We will straight vnto her father,  
And there to learne whether it be so or no.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter William and Blanch disguised, with a maske  
ouer her face.*

*William.* Come on my loue the comfort of my life:  
Disguised thus we may remaine vnknowne,

And

*of Manchester.*

And get we once to Seas, I force not then,  
We quickly shall attaine the English shore.

*Blanch.* But this I vrge you with your former oath.  
You shall not seeke to violate mine honour,  
Vntill our marriage rights be all performed.

*William. Mariana,* here I sweare to thee by heauen,  
And by the honour that I beare to Armes,  
Neuer to seeke or craue at hands of thee  
The spoyle of honourable chastitie  
Vntill we do attaine the English coast,  
Where thou shalt be my rightespoused Queene.

*Blanch.* In hope your oath proceedeth from your heart,  
Lets leaue the Court, and betake vs to his power  
That gouernes all things to his mightie will,  
And will reward the iust with endlesse ioye,  
And plague the bad with most extreme annoy,

*William.* Lady as little tarriance as we may,  
Least some mis-fortune happen by the way.

*Exit Blanch and William.*

*Enter the Miller, his man Trotter, & Mannile.*

*Miller.* I tell you sir it is no little greefe to mee,  
You should so hardly conceit of my daughter,  
Whose honest report, though I saie it,  
Was neuer blotted with any title of defamation.

*Mannile.* Father Miller, the repaire of those gentlemen to your  
Hath giuen me great occasion to mislike. (house,

*Miller.* As for those gentlemen, I neuer saw in them  
Any euill intreatie. But should they haue profered it,  
Her chaste minde hath prooffe enough to preuent it.

*Trotter.* Those gentlemen are as honest as euer I saw:  
For yfaith one of them gaue me six pence  
To fetch a quart of Seck. See master here they come.

*Enter Mountney and Valingford.*

*Miller.* Trotter, call Em, now they are here together,  
Ile haue this matter thoroughly debated, *Exit Trotter,*

*Mountney.* Father, well met. We are come to confer with you.

## The Millers daughter

*Manuile.* Nay ; with his daughter rather.

*Valingf.* Thus it is father, we are come to craue your friendship

*Miller.* Gentlemen as you are strangers to me, (in a matter.

Yet by the way of courtesie you shall demand  
Any reasonable thing at my hands.

*Manuile.* What is the matter so forward  
They come to craue his good will ?

*Valingford.* It is giuen vs to vnderstand that your daughter  
Is suddenly become both blinde and deafe.

*Miller.* Mary God forbid : I haue sent for her, in deed :  
She hath kept her chamber this three daies.  
It were no little grieffe to me if it should be so.

*Manuile.* This is Gods iudgement for her trecherie.

*Enter Trotter leading Em.*

*Miller.* Gentlemen I feare your words are two true :  
See where *Trotter* comes leading of her.

What ayles my *Em*, not blinde I hope ?

*Em.* *Mountney* and *Valingford* both together ?

And *Manuile*, to whom I haue faithfully vowed my loue ?

Now *Em* suddenly helpe thy selfe.

*Mountney.* This is no dessembling *Valingford*.

*Valingford.* If it be ; it is cunningly contriued of all sides.

*Em.* *Trotter* lend me thy hand,

And as thou louest me keep my counsell

And iustifie what so euer I saie, and Ile largely requite thee.

*Trott.* Ah, that is as much as to saie you would tell a monstrous,  
Terrible, horrible, outrageous lie,  
And I shall sooth it, no berlady.

*Em.* My present extremitie wills me, if thou loue me *Trotter* ?

*Trotter.* That same word loue makes me to doe any thing.

*Em.* *Trotter* wheres my father ?

*He thrusts Em upon her father.*

*Trotter.* Why what a blinde dunce are you, can you not see ?  
He standeth right before you,

*Em.* Is this my father ?

Good father, giue me leaue to sit

Where



of Manchester.

Where I may not be disturbed,  
Sith God hath visited me both of my sight and hearing.

*Miller.* Tell me sweet *Em* how came this blindness.

Thy eyes are louely to looke on,  
And yet haue they lost the benefit of their sight.  
What a griefe is thisto thy poore father?

*Em.* Good father let me not stand as an open gazing stock to  
But in a place alone as fits a creature so miserable. (euerie one,

*Miller.* Trotter, lead her in, the vtter ouerthrow  
Of poore *Goddards* ioy and onely solace.

*Exit the Miller, Trotter and Em.*

*Mannile.* Both blinde and deafe, then is she no wife for me;  
And glad am I so good occasion is hapned :  
Now will I away to *Manchester*,

And leaue these gentlemen to their blinde fortune. *Exit Mannile.*

*Mountney.* Since fortune hath thus spitefully crost our hope,  
Let vs leaue this guest and harken after our King,  
Who is at this day landed at *Lirpoole*. *Exit Mountney.*

*Valingford.* Goe my Lord, Ile follow you.  
Well, now *Mountney* is gone

Ile staie behind to solicit my loue,  
For I imagine that I shall find this but a fained inuention  
Thereby to haue vs leaue off our suits.

*Enter Marques Lubeck, and the King of Denmark*

*Angerly with some attendants.*

*Zweno. K.* Well *Lubeck* well, it is not possible  
But you must be consenting to this act;  
Is this the man so highly you extold?  
And play a part so hatefull with his friend?  
Since first he came with thee into the court  
What entertainement and what countenance  
He hath receiued, none better knowes than thou.  
In recompence whereof, he quites me well,  
To steale a way faire *Mariana* my prisoner,  
Whose ransome being lately greed vpon,  
I am deluded of by this escape.

## The Millers daughter

Besides, I know not how to answer it  
When shee shall be demanded home to Swethia.

*Lubeck.* My gracious Lord coniecture not I pray  
Worse of *Lubeck* than he doth deserue:  
Your highnes knowes *Mariana* was my loue,  
Sole paragon and mistres of my thoughts.  
Is it likely I should know of her departure,  
Wherein there is no man iniured more than I?

*Zweno.* That carries reason *Marques* I confesse.  
Call forth my daughter, yet I am perswaded  
That shee poore soule suspected not her going:  
For as I heare: shee likewise loued the man,  
Which he to blame did not at all regard.

*Rocilia.* My Lord here is the Princessse *Mariana*:  
It is your daughter is conueyed away.

*Zweno.* What, my daughter gone?  
Now *Marques* your villanie breakes forth.  
This match is of your making, gentle sir:  
And you shall dearly know the price thereof.

*Lubeck.* Knew I thereof, or that there was intent  
In *Robert* thus to steale your highnes daughter  
Let heauens in iustice presently confound me.

*Zweno.* Not all the protestations thou canst vse,  
Shall saue thy life. Away with him to prison.  
And minion, otherwise it cannot be,  
But you are an agent in this trecherie.  
I will reuenge it throughly on you both.  
Away with her to prison. Heres stuffe indeed?  
My daughter stolen away?

It booteth not thus to disturbe my selfe,  
But presently to send to Engliish *William*,  
To send me that proud knight of Windsor hither,  
Here in my Court to suffer for his shame:  
Or at my pleasure to be punished there  
Withall, that *Blanch* be sent me home againe,  
Or I shall fetch her vnto *Windsors* cost,

Yea,

## of Manchester.

Yea, and *William* too if he denie her mee?

*Exit Zveno.*

*Enter William taken with souldiers.*

*William.* Could any crosse, could any plague be worse?  
Could heaven or hell did both conspire in one  
To afflict my soule, inuent a greater scourge  
Than presently I am tormented with?

Ah *Mariana* cause of my lament:  
Ioy of my heart, and comfort of my life  
For thee I breath my sorrowes in the ayre,  
And tire my selfe: for silently I sigh,  
My sorrowes afflicts my soule with equall passion.

*Souldier.* Go to sirrah, put vp, it is to small purpose.

*William.* Hence villaines hence, dare you lay your hands  
Vpon your Soueraigne?

*Souldier.* Well sir, we will deale for that,  
But here comes one will remedie all this.

*Enter Demarch.*

*Souldier.* My Lord, watching this night in the campe,  
We tooke this man, and know not what he is:  
And in his companie was a gallant dame,  
A woman faire in outwa'd shewe shee seemd,  
But that her face was mask'd we could not see  
The grace and fauour of her countenance.

*Demarch.* Tell me good fellow of whence and what thou art.

*Souldier.* Why do you not answer my Lord?  
He takes scorne to answer.

*Demarch.* And takest thou scorne to answer my demand?  
Thy proud behauiour very well deserues  
This misdemeanour at the worst be construed.  
Why dost thou neither know, nor hast thou heard?  
That in the absence of the Saxon Duke,  
*Demarch* is his speciall Substitute  
To punish thote that shall offend the lawes.

*William.* In knowing this, I know thou art a traytor,  
A rebell, and mutenous conspirator.  
Why *Demarch*, knowest thou who I am?

*Demarch.*

## *The Millers daughter*

*Demarch.* Pardon my dread Lord the error of my sence,  
And misdemeanor to your princely excellencie.

*Will.* Why *Demarch*, What is the cause my subiects are in armes?

*Demarch.* Free are my thoughts my dread and gracious Lord  
From treason to your state and common weale,  
Only reuengement of a priuate grudge,  
By Lord *Dirot* lately profered me,  
That stands not with the honor of my name,  
Is cause I haue assembled for my guard  
Some men in armes that may withstand his force,  
Whose settled malice aymeth at my life.

*William.* Where is Lord *Dirot*?

*Demarch.* In armes, my gracious Lord,  
Not past two miles from hence,  
As credibly I am ascertained.

*William.* Well, come, let vs goe,  
I feare I shall find traytors of you both.

*Exit.*

*Enter the Citizen of Manchester, and his daughter Elnor,  
and Mannile.*

*Citizen.* Indeed sir it would do verie well  
If you could intreat your father to come hither:  
But if you thinke it be too far,  
I care not much to take horse and ride to Manchester.  
I am sure my daughter is content with either:  
How sayest thou *Elnor* art thou not?

*Elnor.* As you shall think best I must be contented.

*Mannile.* Well *Elnor*, farewell, only thus much,  
I pray make all things in a readines,  
Either to serue here or to carry thither with vs.

*Citizen.* As for that sir take you no care,  
And so I betake you to your iournie.

*Enter Valingsford.*

But soft, what gentleman is this?

*Valingsf.* God speed sir, might a man craue a word or two with you?

*Citizen.* God forbid eise sir, I pray you speake your pleasure.

*Valingsford.* The gentleman that parted from you was he not



*of Manchester.*

Of Manchester, his father living there of good account.

*Citizen.* Yes mary is he sir : why doe you aske ?  
Belike you haue had some acquaintance with him.

*Valingford.* I haue been acquainted in times past,  
But through his double dealing,  
I am grown werie of his companie.  
For be it spoken to you :

He hath been acquainted with a poore millers daughter,  
And diuerstimes hath promist her marriage.  
But what with his delayes and flouts,  
He hath brought her into such a taking,  
That I feare me it will cost her her life.

*Citizen.* To be plaine with you sir :  
His father and I haue been of old acquaintance,  
And a motion was made,  
Betweene my daughter and his sonne,  
VVhich is now throughly agreed vpon  
Saue onely the place appoynted for the marriage,  
Whether it shall be kept here or at Manchester,  
And for no other occasion he is now ridden.

*Eluer.* What hath he done to you ?  
That you should speake so ill of the man.

*Valingford.* Oh gentlewoman I erie you mercie,  
He is your husband that shalbe.

*Eluer.* If I knew this to be true ?  
He should not be my husband were he neuer so good:  
And therefore, good father,  
I would desire you to take the paines  
To beare this gentleman companie to Manchester  
To know whether this be true or no.

*Citizen.* Now trust mee gentleman hee deales with mee verie  
Knowing how well I meant to him. (hardly,  
But I care not much to ride to Manchester  
To know whether his fathers will be  
He should deale with me so badly.

Will it please you sir to go in, we will presently take horse & away.

## The Millers daughter

*Valingford.* If it please you to go in  
He follow you presently.

*Exit Elner and her father.*

Now shall I be reuenged on *Manuile*,  
And by this meanes get *Em* to my wife :  
And therefore I will straight to her fathers  
And informe them both of all that is hapned.

*Exit.*

*Enter William, the Ambassador of Denmarke,  
Demarch, and other attendants.*

*William.* What newes with the Denmark Ambassador ?

*Embassador.* Mary thus, the King of Denmark & my Soueraigne  
Doth send to know of thee what is the cause  
That iniuriously against the law of armes,  
Thou hast stollen away his onely daughter *Blanch*,  
The onely stay and comfort of his life.  
Therefore by me he willeth thee to send his daughter *Blanch* :  
Or else forthwith he will leuy such an host,  
As soone shall fetch her in despite of thee.

*William.* Embassador, this answer I returne thy King.  
He willeth me to send his daughter *Blanch* :  
Saying I conuaid her from the Danish court,  
That neuer yet did once as think thereof.  
As for his menacing and daunting threats  
I will regard him nor his Danish power:  
For if he come to fetch her forth my Realme,  
I will provide him such a banquet here.  
That he shall haue small cause to giue me thanks.

*Embassador.* Is this your answer then ?

*William.* It is, and so be gene.

*Embassador.* I goe : but to your cost. *Exit Ambassador.*

*William.* *Demarch*, our subiects earst leuied in ciuill broyles,  
Mustred forth with for to defend the Realme,  
In hope whereof that we shall finde you true,  
We freely pardon this thy late offence.

*Demarch.* Most humble thanks I render to your grace.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

## of Manchester.

*Enter the Miller and Valingford.*

*Mill.* Alas gentleman, why should you trouble your selfe so much,  
Considering the imperfections of my daughter,  
Which is able to with-draw the loue of any man from her,  
As alreadie it hath done in her first choyce.

*Maister Manuile* hath forsaken her,  
And at Chester shall be married to a mans daughter of no little  
But if my daughter knew so much : (wealth.  
It would goe verie nere her heart I feare me.

*Valingf.* Father miller : such is the entire affection to your  
As no misfortune whatsoeuer can alter. (daughter,

My fellow *Mountney* thou seest gaue quickly ouer,  
But I by reason of my good meaning  
Am not so soone to be changed  
Although I am borne off with scornes and deniall.

*Enter Em to them.*

*Miller.* Trust me sir I know not what to saie,  
My daughter is not to be compelled by me,  
But here she comes her selfe : speake to her and spare not :  
For I neuer was troubled with loue matters so much before.

*Em.* Good Lord ! shall I neuer be rid of this importunate man?  
Now must I dissemble blindness againe.  
Once more for thy sake *Manuile* thus am I inforced,  
Because I shall complete my full resolved minde to thee.  
Father where are you ?

*Miller.* Here sweet *Em*, answer this gentleman  
That would so faine enioy thy loue.

*Em.* Where are you sir ? will you neuer leaue  
This idle and vaine pursuit of loue ?  
Is not England stor'd enough to content you ?  
But you must still trouble the poore  
Contemptible maid of Manchester.

*Valingf.* None can content me but the faire maid of Manchester.

*Em.* I perceiue loue is vainly described,  
That being blinde himselfe,



## The Millers daughter

VWould haue you likewise troubled with a blinde wife,  
Hauing the benefit of your eyes,  
But neither follow him so much in follie,  
But loue one, in whom you may better delight.

*Valingford.* Father Miller, thy daughter shall haue honour  
By granting mee her loue :

I am a Gentleman of king *Williams* Court,  
And no meane man in king *Williams* fauour.

*Em.* If you be a Lord sir, as you say :  
You offer both your selfe and mee great wrong :  
Yours, as apparant in limiting your loue so vnorderly,  
For which you rashly endure reprochement :  
Mine, as open and euident,  
VVhen being shut from the vanities of this world,  
You would haue me as an open gazing stock to all the world :  
For lust, not loue leades you into this error :  
But from the one I will keepe me as well as I can,  
And yeeld the other to none but to my father,  
As I am bound by dutie.

*Valingford.* VVhy faire *Em*, *Mannile* hath forsaken thee,  
And must at Chester be married, which,  
If I speake otherwise than true,  
Let thy father speake what credibly he hath heard.

*Em.* But can it be *Mannile* will deale so vnkindly,  
To reward my iustice with such monstrous vngentlenes.  
Haue I dissembled for thy sake?

And doest thou now thus requite it ?  
In deed these many daies I haue not seen him,  
Which hath made me maruell at his long absence.  
But father, are you assured of the words he spake,  
VVere concerning *Mannile* ?

*Miller.* In sooth daughter, now it is forth,  
I must needs confirme it.

Master *Mannile* hath forsaken thee ;  
And at Chester must be married  
To a mans daughter of no little wealth.



His owne father procures it,  
And therefore I dare credit it;  
And doe thou belecue it,  
For trust me daughtet it is so.

*Em.* Then good father pardon the iniurie,  
That I haue done to you only causing your grieſe;  
By ouer-fond affecting a man ſo trothleſſe.  
And you likewise ſir, I pray hold mee excuſed,  
As I hope this cauſe will allow ſufficiently for mee:  
My loue to *Mannile*, thinking he would requite it,  
Hath made me double with my father and you,  
And many more beſides,  
Which I will no longer hide from you.  
That inticing ſpeeches ſhould not beguile mee,  
I haue made my ſelfe deaſe to any but to him.  
And leſt any mans perſon ſhould pleaſe mee more than his,  
I haue diſſembled the want of my light:  
Both which ſhaddowes of my irreuocable affections,  
I haue not ſpar'd to confirme before him.  
My father, and all other amorous ſoliciters:  
Where with not made acquainted, I perceiue.  
My true intent hath wrought mine owne ſorrow.  
And ſeeking by loue to be regarded,  
Am cut off with contempt, and deſpiſed.

*Mill.* Tell me ſweet *Em*, haſt thou but fained all this while for  
That hath ſo diſcourteouſly forſaken thee. (his loue,

*Em.* Credit me father I haue told you the troth,  
Wherewith I deſire you and Lord *Falingford* not to be diſpleaſed  
For ought elſe I ſhall ſaie,  
Let my preſent grieſe hold me excuſed.  
But may I liue to ſee that vngratefull man,  
Juſtly rewarded for his trecherie,  
Poore *Em* would think her ſelfe not a little happier,  
Faiour my departing at this inſtant,  
For my troubled thought deſires to meditate alone in ſilence.

*Exit Em.*

*Faling.*

## *The Millers daughter*

*Valingsf.* Will not *Em* shew one cheerefull looke on *Valingsford*?  
*Miller* Alas sir, blame her not, you see shee hath good cause,  
Being so handled by this gentleman:  
And so Ile leaue you, and go comfort my poore wench  
As well as I may. *Exit the Miller.*

*Valingsford.* Farewell good father. *Exit Valingsford.*

*Enter Zveno King of Denmarke with Rosilio,  
and other attendants.*

*Zveno.* *Rosilio*, Is this the place whereas the Duke *William*  
should meet mee?

*Rosilio.* It is, and like your grace.

*Zveno.* Goe captaine away, regard the charge I gaue:  
See all our men be martialled for the fight.  
Dispose the wards as lately was deuised,  
And let the prisoners vnder seuerall gards  
Be kept apart vntill you heare from vs.  
Let this suffice, you know my resolution,  
If *William* Duke of Saxon be the man,  
That by his answer sent vs, he would send  
Not words but wounds: not parles but alarms,  
Must be decider of this controuersie.

*Rosilio*, Ray with mee, the rest begone.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter William, and Demarch with other attendants*

*William.* All but *Demarch* go shroud you out of sight,  
For I will goe parley with the Prince my selfe.

*Demarch.* Should *Zveno* by this parley call you forth,  
Vpon intent iniuriously to deale:  
This offereth too much opportunitie.

*William.* No, no, *Demarch*, that were a breach  
Against the Law of Armes: therefore begone,  
And leaue vs here alone.

*Exeunt.*

I see that *Zveno* is master of his word.

*Zveno*, *William* of Saxonie greeteth thee

Either

*of Manchester.*

Either well or ill, according to thy intent.  
If well thou wish to him and Saxonie,  
He bids thee friendly welcome as he can :  
If ill thou wish to him and Saxonie,  
He must withstand thy malice as he may.

*Zveno.* William, for other name and title giue I none  
To him, who were he worthie of those honours  
That Fortune and his predecessors left,  
Iought by right and humaine courtesie  
To grace his style with duke of Saxonie.  
But for I finde a base degenerate minde,  
I frame my speech according to the man,  
And not the state that he vnworthie holds.

*William.* Herein *Zveno* dost thou abase thy state,  
To breake the peace which by our auncesters  
Hath heretofore been honourably kept.

*Zveno.* And should that peace foreuer haue been kept,  
Had not thy selfe been author of the breach :  
Nor stands it with the honour of my state,  
Or nature of a father to his childe,  
That I should so be robbed of my daughter,  
And not vnto the vtmost of my power  
Reuenge so intolerable an iniurie.

*William.* is this the colour of your quarrell *Zveno* ?  
I well perceiue the wisest mea may erre.  
And thinke you I conueied away your daughter *Blanch* ?

*Zveno.* art thou so impudent to deny thou didst  
When that the prooffe thereof is manifest ;

*William.* What prooffe is there ?

*Zveno.* Thine owne confession is sufficient prooffe.

*William.* Did I confesse I stole your daughter *Blanch* ?

*Zveno.* Thou didst confesse thou hadst a Ladie hence,

*William.* I haue and do.

*Zveno.* Why that was *Blanch* my daughter,

*William.* Nay that was *Mariana*,

Who wrongfully thou detainest prisoner.

*Zveno*

## *The Millers daughter*

*Zweno.* Shamelesse, persisting in thy ill,  
Thou doest maintaine a manifest vntroth,  
As since shall iustifie vato thy teeth.

*Rosilio*, fetch her and the *Marques* hither.

*Exit Rosilio for Mariana.*

*William.* It cannot be I should be so deceiued.

*Demarch*, I heare this night among the souldiers,  
That in their watch they tooke a pensue Ladie:  
Who at the appoyntment of the Lord *Diror* is yet in keeping:  
What shee is I know not,  
Onely thus much I ouer-hard by chance.

*William.* And what of this?

*Demarch.* It may be *Blanch* the King of Denmarkes daughter.

*William.* It may be so: but on my life it is not;  
Yet *Demarch*, goe and fetch her straight.

*Enter Rosilio with the Marques.*

*Rosilio.* Pleaseth your highnes, here is the *Marques* and *Mariana*.

*Zweno*, See here *Duke William*, your competitors,  
That were consenting to my daughters scape:  
Let them resolute you of the truth herein,  
And here I vow and solemnely protest,  
That in thy presence they shall lose their heads,  
Vnlesse I heare where as my daughter is.

*William.* O *Marques Lubeck* how it griueth me,  
That for my sake thou shouldest indure these bondes.  
Be iudge my soule that feelles the martirdome.

*Marques.* *Duke William*, you know it is for your cause;  
It pleaseth thus the King to misconceiue of me,  
And for his pleasure doth me iniurie.

*Enter Demarch with the Ladie Blanch.*

*Demarch.* May it please your highnesse.  
Here is the Ladie you sent me for.

*William.* Away *Demarch*, what tellest thou me of Ladies?



of Manchester.

I so detest the dealing of their sex,  
As that I count a louers state to be the base  
And vildest slauerie in the world.

*Demarch.* VVhat humors are these? heres a strange alteration.

*Zweno.* See *Duke William*, is this *Blanch* or no?

You know her, if you see her I am sure.

*William.* *Zweno* I was deceiued, yea vtterly deceiued,

Yet this is *shee*: this same is *Ladie Blanch*.

And for mine error, here I am content

To do whatsoeuer *Zweno* shall set downe.

Ah cruell *Mariana* thus to vse

The man which loued and honoured thee with his heart.

*Mariana.* VVhen first I came into your highnesse court,

And *William* often importing me of loue:

I did deuise to ease the grieffe your daughter did sustain:

*Shee* should meete Sir *William* masked as I it were.

This put in prooffe, did take so good effect,

As yet it seemes his grace is not resolued,

But it was I which he conueied away.

*William.* May this be true? It cannot be but true.

Was it *Ladie Blanch* which I conueied away?

Vnconstant *Mariana*,

Thus to deale with him which meant to thee pought but faith.

*Blanch.* Pardon deere father my follies that are past,

Wherein I haue neglected my dutie

Which I in reuerence ought to shew your grace,

For led by loue I thus haue gone astray,

And now repent the errors I was in.

*Zweno.* Stand vp deare daughter, though thy fault deserues.

For to be punisht in the extremest sort;

Yet loue that couers multitude of sins

Makes loue in parents winke at childrens faults.

Sufficeth *Blanch* thy father loues thee so,

Thy follies past he knowes, but will not know.

And here *Duke William* take my daughter to thy wife.

For well I am assured *shee* loues thee well.

## The Millers daughter

*William.* A proper coniunction: as who should say,  
Lately come out of the fire,  
I would goe thrust my selfe into the flame.  
Let Maistres nice go Saint it where shee list,  
And coyly quaine it with dissembling face,  
I hold in scorne the fooleries that they vse,  
I being free will neuer subiect my selfe  
To any such as shee is vnderneath the sunne.

*Zweno.* Refusest thou to take my daughter to thy wife?  
I tell thee Duke, this rash deniall  
May bring more mischief on thee then thou canst aloyd:

*William.* Conceit hath wrought such generall dislike  
Through the false dealing of *Mariana*,  
That vitterly I doe abhor their sex.  
They are all disloyall, vnconstant, all vniust:  
Who tries as I haue tried,  
And findes as I haue found,  
Will say there's no such creatures on the ground.

*Blanch.* Vnconstant Knight, though some deserue no trust,  
Thers others faithfull, louing, loyall, & iust.

*Enter to them Valingford with Em and the Miller,  
And Mounney, and Mannile, and Elner.*

*Willi.* How now *L. Valingford*, what makes these women here?

*Valingf.* Here be two women, may it please your grace,  
That are contracted to one man,  
And are in strife whether shall haue him to their husband.

*William.* Stand forth women and saie,  
To whether of you did he first giue his faith?

*Em.* To me forsooth.

*Elner.* To me my gracious Lord.

*William.* Speake *Mannile*, to whether didst thou giue thy faith?

*Mannile.* To saie the troth: this maide had first my loue.

*Elner.* Yea *Mannile*, but there was no witnesse by.

*Em.* Thy conscience *Mannile* is a hundred witnessses.

*Elner.*

## of Manchester.

*Elner.* Shee hath stolne a conscience to serue her owne turne :  
But you are decciued, yfaith he will none of you.

*Mannile.* Indeed, dread Lord, so deere I held her loue,  
As in the same I put my whole delight.  
But some impediments which at that instant hapned,  
Made me forsake her quite,  
For which I had her fathers franke consent.

*William.* What were the impediments ?

*Mannile.* Why shee could neither heare nor see.

*William.* Now shee doth both. Mayden how were you cured ?

*Em.* Pardon my Lord, Ile tell your grace the troth,  
Be it not imputed to me as discredit.

I loued this *Mannile* so much, that still me thought

When he was absent did present to mee

The forme and feature of that countenance

Which I did shrine an Idol in my heart:

And neuer could I see a man me thought

That equall'd *Mannile* in my partiall eye.

Nor was there any loue betweene vs lost,

But that I held the same in high regard,

Vntill repaire of some vnto our house,

Of whom my *Mannile* grew thus ielous:

As if he tooke exception I vouchsafed

To heare them speake, or saw them when they came:

On which I straight tooke order with my selfe

To voyde the scruple of his conscience,

By counterfainting that I neither saw nor heard,

Any wayes to rid my hands of them.

All this I did to keepe my *Manniles* loue;

Which he vnkindly seekes for to reward.

*Mannile.* And did my *Em* to keepe her faith with mee  
Dissemble that shee neither heard nor sawe.

Pardon me sweet *Em*, for I am onely thine.

*Em.* Lay off thy hands, disloyall as thou art,

Nor shalt thou haue possession of my loue,

That canst so finely shift thy matters off.



## The Millers daughter

Put case I had been blind and could not see,  
As often times such visitations fall  
That pleaseth God which all things doth dispose :  
Shouldest thou forsake me in regard of that ?  
I tell thee *Mannile*, hadst thou been blinde,  
Or deafe, or dumbe, or else what impediments  
Might befall to man, *Em* would haue loued, and kept,  
And honoured thee : yea, begg'd if wealth had fail'd  
For thy releefe.

*Mannile*. Forgiue mee sweet *Em*.

*Em*. I do forgiue thee with my heart,  
And will forget thee too if case I can :  
But neuer speake to mee, nor seeme to know mee.

*Mannile*. Then fare well frost :  
Well fare a wench that will.

Now *Elnor*, I am thine owne my girle.

*Elnor*. Mine *Mannile*? thou neuer shalt be mine.  
I so detest thy villanie,  
That whilest I liue I will abhor thy company.

*Mannile*. Is it come to this? of late, I had choyce of twaine  
On either side to haue me to her husband,  
And now am vtterly reiected of them both.

*Valingford*. My Lord this gentleman when time was  
Stood some-thing in our light,  
And now I thinke it not amisse  
To laugh at him that sometime scorned at vs.

*Mounney*. Content my Lord, inuent the forme.

*Valingford*. Then thus.

*Williams*. I see that women are not generall euils,  
*Blanch* is faire : Me thinkes I see in her,  
A modest countenance, a heauenly blush.

*Zveno*, receiue a reconciled foe,  
Not as thy friend, but as thy sonne in law,  
If so that thou be thus content.

*Zveno*, I ioy to see your grace so tractable.  
Here take my daughter *Blanch*,



*of Manchester.*

And after my decease the Denmark Crowne.

*William.* Now sir, how stands the case with you?

*Manuile.* I partly am perswaded as your grace is,  
My Lord, he is best at ease that medleth least.

*Valingford.* Sir, may a man be so bold  
As to craue a word with you?

*Manuile.* Yea two or three : what are they?

*Valingford.* I say, this maid will haue thee to her husband.

*Mount.* And I say this : & thereof will I lay an hundred pound.

*Valingf.* And I say this : whereon I will lay as much.

*Manuile.* And I say neither : what say you to that?

*Mountney.* If that be true : then are we both deceiued.

*Manuile.* Why it is true, and you are both deceiued.

*Marques.* In mine eyes, this is the properest wench.  
Might I aduise thee, take her vnto thy wife.

*Zweno.* It seemes to me, shee hath refused him.

*Marques.* Why theres the spite.

*Zweno.* If one refuse him, yet may he haue the other.

*Marques.* He will aske but her good will, and all her friends.

*Zweno.* Might I aduise thee, let them both alone.

*Manuile.* Yea, thats the course, and thereon will I stand,  
Such idle loue henceforth I will detest.

*Valingford.* The foxe will eat no grapes and why?

*Mountney.* I know full well, because they hang too hie.

*William.* And may it be a Millers daughter by her birth?  
I cannot thinke but shee is better borne.

*Valingford.* Sir *Thomas Goddard* hight this reuerent man,  
Famed for his vertues and his good successe :  
Whose fame hath been renowned through the world.

*William.* Sir *Thomas Goddard* welcome to thy Prince,  
And faire *Em*, frolike with thy good father.  
As glad am I to find Sir *Thomas Goddard*.

As good Sir *Edmund Treford* on the plaines :  
He like a shepherd, and thou our countrie Miller,

*Miller.* And longer let not *Goddard* liue a day,  
Then he, in honour loues his soueraigne.

## *The Millers daughter, &c.*

*William.* But say *Sir Thomas*, shall I giue thy daughter?

*Miller.* *Goddard* and all that he hath  
Doth rest at the pleasure of your Maiestie.

*William.* And what sayes *Em* to louely *Valingford*?  
It seemd he loued you well,

That for your sake durst leaue his King.

*Em.* *Em* rests at the pleasure of your highnes:  
And would I were a wife for his desert.

*William.* Then here Lord *Valingford*,  
Receiue faire *Em*.

Here take her, make her thy espoused wife.

Then goe we in, that preparation may be made,  
To see these nuptials solemnely performed.

*Exeunt all. Sound drummes and Trumpets.*

FINIS.























